

In Praise

It isn't often that the editor gets a chance to single out an individual for praise...

The individual to be singled out is named Jim Jordan, a name that has appeared only a very few times in The Daily Tar Heel...

Well, he isn't president, he isn't editor, and he isn't a big wheel student politician...

This year he undertook a fairly thankless job, a job that would bring little notoriety but very much work...

The Freshman Forum was little more than a good idea in past years, but under Jordan's leadership, it has been programming worthwhile intellectual outlets for freshmen during the entire year...

The ugly picture of violence entered North Carolina several days ago when Robert Beame, a representative of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers was attacked in his motel room at Franklin...

So if the acidity of the editor's tongue is curbed for at least one editorial, it is for good reason and a deserving person—Jim Jordan.

Reasons

When one starts searching for the reasons for intellectual apathy on this campus, one need look no farther than teacher deployment for one answer.

Of all the entering freshmen, only those who have demonstrated ability and who show a high aptitude and achievement on entrance examinations are offered the opportunity to study under full time faculty personnel during their first two years...

However, the other 1100 freshmen, who for the most part need the guidance, stimulation, and experience of a person who has been teaching for several years are forced to take courses under graduate instructors.

Admittedly graduate instructors need practice teaching, if they are going to be capable instructors after they finish graduate work, but the sacrificial lambs of their struggling attempts to find themselves should not be those who need the most capable guidance.

Perhaps one could keep more freshmen in school than the slightly over 40 percent that do remain by graduation, if proper instruction and guidance was available for the entering freshman.

This, the University of North Carolina, is not yet an educational factory devoted to the production of teachers. It still is an institution of higher learning in which the attempt is made to take the brightest talents in the state and develop their minds so they are thinking individuals...

It would not take too much effort to change the teacher deployment so that freshmen can have the instruction they vitally need. It might just breed a more solid University.

Legislature

The Student Legislature followed the path of a similar body at W. C. in passing a resolution pressing for budgetary increases for the University of North Carolina. It was not a controversial measure, but nevertheless it was a good one.

Letters

Editor:

The right of voluntary association is an inherent right under our system of government. Labor unions are associations of free men and women who are banded together to promote their common interests...

First, let me state that I write as the editor of a labor newspaper and from the viewpoint of the AFL-CIO. However, facts are facts regardless of one's personal viewpoint.

The ugly picture of violence entered North Carolina several days ago when Robert Beame, a representative of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers was attacked in his motel room at Franklin by four men and brutally beaten...

Further violence entered the picture when the Harriet-Henderson Mills decided to re-open by hiring strikebreakers. A supervisor was apparently thrown from a window of the plant and was hospitalized...

Several minor incidents, for example the throwing of some firecrackers, were played up by the press in general. Then Governor Hodges got into the act by sending extra state patrolmen to the scene...

The next development was the brutal beating of Boyd Payton, Southern Vice President of the Textile Workers Union of America and chief negotiator for the Union in the dispute...

It would appear that the management of the Harriet-Henderson Mills has determined to "bust" the Union in their Mills. The Union is determined to fight for its existence and protect the rights of the workers...

As for the violence, we have publicly called for a full investigation by both state and federal authorities. The Senate Rackets Committee should hold a complete investigation into the incidents of both Franklin and Henderson...

I maintain the right of workers to organize and to remain organized — even in North Carolina.

ROBERT PACE, editor Durham Labor Journal

"Peace! Separate Peace! Piece By Piece!"



On The Carolina Gentlemen

P. W. Carlton

What is a Carolina Gentleman? This question has been asked many times. Consider one aspect of the CG: Date habits.

The Carolina gentleman is undoubtedly the most intrepid hunter of "les femmes" on the face of this earth. He spends many percent of time pursuing them and the other ten either thinking about them or telling his friends about his latest conquests...

In class, the CG checks all the decent-looking females, pinpoints their positions, then memorizes their names from the seating chart. After this it's only a matter of time until he's on the most intimate terms with the unfortunate mademoiselles...

CG's are often guilty of the dirtiest forms of snaking. They steal dates with embarrassing candor, never becoming ruffled by the discomfort of the offended parties or by the stomped on toes and smashed fingers involved...

Yes, the Carolina Gentleman can be found in almost any environment fashionable or otherwise, in his ceaseless search for womanhood. One cannot help but admire his perseverance, his loyalty, his nerve. He accepts the most adverse conditions with staunch courage...

unfortunate CG. (This experience has been verified by historians who visited the field and walked over the entire course of action.)

The CG arrives in Greensboro in the afternoon, spends a pleasant evening chasing his non-student date around her apartment, then about midnight borrows her car and drives to return to his own quarters. After several unsuccessful attempts to secure a late date on the Main streets of town and being chased away from the WC campus at gunpoint, by the night watchmen, he sorrowfully turns with leaden tires toward that black hole of Morpheus, the dormitory hall of the YMCA...

The CG is delightfully naughty, lying like a hound dog as the occasion demands. You'd be amazed at his capacity for sugar-coated untruth. (Ask any coed.) But still we must admire him. He represents the spirit of the num, the fire of youth, and all that is sporty and adventuresome. His stoic reply to exhortation or praise remains: "Vive le difference."

Harper's Bizarre

We walked into Lenoir Hall the other day, and the first person we encountered was a student worker, whistling listlessly as he pushed his broom about.

We greeted him, but received no answer. Again we spoke, and again there was no answer. Puzzled, we walked to the tobacco counter. "A pack of cigarettes, please."

No answer.

"Pall Mall, please."

The cashier handed us a pack.

"Twenty-three?"

A nod confirmed the price.

More confused, we walked to the line and filled our tray. At the cashier's stand the spell was finally broken. Smiling, we asked, "How are you today?"

"Seventy-three," the cashier said.

Dumfounded, we moved toward a clean table. As we ate, we noticed the prevailing silence about us. Another friend of ours, a floor man, was working that shift. As he pushed his cart by the table, we spoke: "Hey, What's going on here? Why the silent treatment?"

His gaze told nothing, but his trembling lips showed the pent-up emotion.

"Why won't anyone talk?"

He couldn't stand it any longer. We saw a tear glint in his eye as he pushed the cart hurriedly away.

Perhaps fifteen minutes later this same floor man, usually a brilliant conversationalist, passed our table again. A note fluttered down from his hand.

Catching the spirit of the thing, we hid it in our notebook and walked back to the dorm.

Locking the door, we opened the folded message and read: "Very sorry. Word came down from the boss. No more talking with customers or other workers. Cashiers, floor men, servers—all under strict surveillance. Don't know what penalty is—hear it's horrible. Very, very sorry."

The note was unsigned, but we burned it anyway, and scattered the ashes in secret places.

Democracy

Sidney Dakar

Robert M. Hutchins has been one of our most ardent idealists in the field of political thought. Mr. Hutchins has always taken every opportunity to tell us how democracy is better than any other form of government...

It seemed to me that democracy can only function effectively in the lands of plenty. Every week or so we hear that another country has given up the experiment in democracy and has taken on some form of dictatorial rule...

When we consider other situations, no such simple answer will suffice. The most recent example of major importance is the French who voted overwhelmingly in favor of giving up some freedom and putting a single man in control of their fate...

Take Germany as another example. During the thirties much intellectual activity was centered in Germany. It was in this very atmosphere that Hitler rose to an all-powerful position...

Actually, there are plenty of examples right here in the U. S. which show that people prefer security to freedom. Most of the pressure groups in Washington are not crying for freedom but to be relieved from it...

GEMS OF THOUGHT

AFFECTION

To be the recipient of affection is a potent cause of happiness, but the man who demands affection is not the man upon whom it is bestowed.—Bertrand Russell

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to point us to that realm which is the real and endless home of the heart.—Henry Ward Beecher

Happy is he the palace of whose affection is founded on virtue, walled with riches, glazed with beauty, and roofed with honour.—Francis Quarles

The Infirmary

Ron Shumate

The following is a diary, in prose form, of a few days spent in a daze in a place called The Infirmary.

First of all let's decide just what the Infirmary is. It is a hospital—of sorts. Webster says an infirmary is a "hospital, or place where the infirm or sick are lodged and nursed, or where patients who are not resident are treated."

We entered said infirmary or an otherwise wheezy-beery-boh Tuesday morn. We had good reason to be admitted to this place as we were one of Webster's infirmed persons...

First of all we were given a bed in a 5-bed ward. This place was in reality only a room—why it is called a "ward" will be most apparent later.

Next we were given a quaint little cuplet of pills—two white pills and one very pretty pink capsule. Next a nurse crammed a thermometer in our mouth—this was the mere beginning of a long series of temp-taking...

Soon came a vampire. She was one of the prettiest vampires we've seen in some time—quite unlike most vampires. She very ardently and skillfully extracted a vial full of our own blood—red blood; then she dumped it into a tube which was in a "Frosty Treat" Dixie cup.

In parting she said "Blood always leaves me speechless." We never did figure that one out.

Later on came lunch. Strange as it may seem, the meal (and those to follow) wasn't the worst we've ever choked down—but certainly didn't measure up to Howard Johnson's.

Wednesday was a relatively uneventful day—if that's at all possible in the place.

Thursday we got out for a few hours to attend classes. We were quite weak, both mentally and physically, from being bad-ridden for two days.

We wandered back around one of the clock. By this time we felt great. As the infirmary is supposed to be a place for the infirmed (as was noted above) the administration (meaning doctors, nurses and orderlies) were appalled to learn that we felt well.

Immediately the wheels began to turn to change this shocking turn of events. We were given two ounces of castor oil. (They HAD to give it to us, because we'd have certainly never bought the stuff on our own!)

Therefore and thereafter, until the dawning of the following day, we had no rest. All through the night (and this was no song either) we tossed, turned and made frequent mad dashes for another sector of the building.

Friday was worse. We had a breakfast which consisted of two pieces of toast, jelly, knife, spoon, fork, napkin and chirocy—er, coffee. (Get the point?)

The reason for the budgetary breakfast (meaning "small") was that we were scheduled for X-rays at 1:15 p.m. We were told that there would be no lunch for us—until after the X-rays. But we had a lunch of fish, salad, beans, more chirocy, pie and other real foods. We never did figure that one out, either.

So, at one p.m. we were taken—in a wheelchair—down to X-ray. We had been up walking around for some time—and were capable of walking still more. After that castor oil, if one couldn't walk...

But on the way to X-ray we stopped off at the office to answer questions for some form of form. Strangely enough, we did not have to sign a non-Communist oath.

Following the question and answer period we were presented with a bill. Guess they wanted to be sure we got the bill before we went to X-ray, in case something drastic happened.

So we sat in the waiting room—which is very appropriately named. For wait we did. For three solid hours we waited. But we don't have too many complaints about the waiting. We had plenty of time to read. We read such magazines as "Time," "Life," "U. S. News and World Report," "Reader's Digest," and a clever little thing on cancer—a nice cheery sort of thing.

But here things were different. A female kept dashing through looking efficient—in more ways than one. We never did figure out whether she was wearing a sweater or just had fuzzy blue skin. From the looks of things, the latter seems more likely!

Then there was the receptionist from the other waiting room who scurried in every so often with little green forms—and I'd almost swear she piled all of them on top of our little green form.

The gentleman (we know he was, because he offered us a cigarette when we were on the verge of a nicotine fit) who was running things in X-ray was a very congenial type of fellow. And how he managed to be congenial with all the hustle, bustle and the blue-skinned, buxon blonde we never did figure out.

Finally (and we nearly mean that literally) we got into the X-ray room. A raven-haired little thing plopped us down on a steel table and commenced—to take X-rays.

And for another hour she took X-rays. Finally she finished and we paraded back to our room. Walking. After the ride down we sure could've used a ride back. Guess the wheelchair was out of gas. Or else the orderly was off in a back room somewhere taking a snooze.

That night was rather routine also. "Turn off that TV. Out with the lights." This was the cry of the nurse at precisely 10 p.m. However, after much persuasion, bribery and so forth, she allowed us to stay up until every bit of 10:30. (She'll probably lose her pulse-taking license for this).

Came the dawn we were again rudely awakened and another thermometer was crammed down our gullet. And at 7 a.m. we rolled out of the sack (literally) to have our beds made up.

And finally, at 9 a.m., following a hard-boiled egg and prune breakfast, we were given our walking papers.

But we broke another rule by running—out of the place.

Moral: Don't call us, we'll call you!

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms.

Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News Inc., Carrboro, N. C.

Editor CURTIS GANS
Managing Editor CHUCK FLINNER STAN FISHER
Business Manager WALKER BLANTON
Advertising Manager FRED KATZIN
News Editor ANNE FRYE
Sports Editor RUSTY HAMMOND

